

REDUCTION SALE!

In order to reduce our stock before taking our annual inventory, we will on Monday, Jan. 13th, and up to Feb. 15th give liberal discounts on all CASH SALES!

of Men's and Boys Suits Overcoats, Ulsters, Reefers, Sweaters, Pants, Hats and Caps, Ladies' Fur-trimmed Slippers, and Felt Shoes. Our remaining stock of Blankets, Quilts, Flannelette, Wrappes, and Underwear, we will discount 20 per cent. Our remaining stock of Horse Blankets, and Fur Robes, to close at 25 per cent off for cash. We will also offer during the month liberal discount on several lines of goods not mentioned here. This is no bankrupt or fire and water sale, but a genuine reduction sale of honest goods to make room for our Spring stock.

J. L. DIX, Opera House Bldg,
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Jan. 13th. '02

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each, which is made of the best to-
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O. MARRION, Corner Cigar Store Barre, Vt.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

New Cuba's First President.
At her first general election, recently held, new Cuba elected Tomas Estrada Palma president of the republic of Cuba.

Tomas Estrada Palma, the descendant of a distinguished Castilian family, has been called the Franklin of Cuba.



TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA
He is sixty-five years old, was educated in Havana and became a lawyer. He eagerly took part against Spain in 1898, was chosen to the congress of the revolutionary government and in 1897 was elected president of Cuba.

Palma was captured by the Spaniards and was detained in a Spanish castle for seven years until the end of the conflict in 1879. Enduring intense hardships, Palma was offered freedom if he would swear allegiance to the Spanish crown.

"No," he answered. "You may shoot me if you will, but I will die as president of the Cuban republic."

Coming to this country, Palma opened a school for boys at Central Valley, Orange county, N. Y. During the war between the United States and Spain he was the head and front of the Cuban junta. He is intellectual, courteous and has business acumen.

Chamberlain in the Mutoscope.
At a recent exhibition in Birmingham Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain was greatly interested in a mutoscope representation of her husband speaking at Blenheim.

"It is wonderful," she exclaimed, addressing the colonial secretary, but keeping her eyes on the glass. "You are just finishing now, Joe," and then a little later, "Why, I am just closing my parasol!"

When the picture movement was over, Mrs. Chamberlain turned to her husband again. "You must see it, Joe. It is splendid, and I do so distinctly remember closing my parasol. You remember how hot it was that day. Do look at it."

So Mr. Chamberlain yielded to his wife's persuasion and smiled again and again as familiar attitudes of his Blenheim speech were reproduced before his eyes.

Large, but Gallant.
Colonel Clayton McMichael, whom President Roosevelt has selected for the next postmaster at Philadelphia, is a man of considerable belt measure. Recently he sat in a crowded street car when a number of women entered. Colonel McMichael, with his customary gallantry, arose, grabbed a strap and watched two women squeeze into the seat he had given up. "There," he said, turning to a friend, "I can do something you can't do. I can give my seat to two women."

The Last Place of Honor.
There has been quite a little flurry in diplomatic circles in Washington over the fact that Lady Pauncefoot, wife of the British ambassador, held the post of honor at the head of the diplomatic line at President Roosevelt's New Year's reception. The rule in such cases, which is well established in precedents, is that the attending ambassador who has been longest in con-



tinuous service at the capital shall head the line. It was through an act of gallantry and graciousness on the part of the German ambassador, Dr. von Holleben, that this rule was not applied this year. Lady Pauncefoot informed Dr. von Holleben of her husband's illness and of her recognition of the fact that he was for the day dean of the diplomatic body. The gallant German declined, however, to take advantage of his position and assigned to Lady Pauncefoot the place she held at the head of the line.

E. H. Lowe This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

THE HABIT OF GIVING.

Governor E. D. Morgan's First Taste of Real Happiness.

To the present generation the name of Governor E. D. Morgan of New York is scarcely more than a dim echo from the pages of history, but there are men still living who remember him as one of the group of great war governors whose firmness and courage served their country so magnificently in her darkest hour. It was one who so remembered him who told this incident:

Governor Morgan was a very rich man, but until he was seventy years old he never had given away any of his wealth. Then one day he sent for his old friend, Dr. Adams, the president of Union Theological seminary, and told him that he wished to give a large sum of money to the college. The doctor, almost incredulous at first, was soon convinced of the sincerity of the offer, and a time was set at which he was to go and get the bonds.

At the appointed hour the doctor appeared, and bonds to the value of more than \$200,000 were put into his hands. The governor stood and watched until the doctor's carriage was out of sight. Afterward he spoke of it to another friend.

"I am an old man," he said. "I have had a successful life and done about all that I had planned to do, and I supposed that I had been happy. But I know now that until I stood and watched Dr. Adams drive away with those bonds I never had known what happiness was. I cannot regret too deeply that early in life I did not form the habit of giving."—Youth's Companion.

The Wills of Noah and Jacob.
The origin of testaments is lost in obscurity, but doubtless they followed soon after the first institution of private property. Eusebius says that Noah made a will soon after the flood where in he disposed of the whole world. He was certainly possessed of a considerable landed estate, but Eusebius' story of the testament in writing and witnessed under his seal needs confirmation.

In the forty-eighth chapter of Genesis, however, we do find mention of a will, wherein Jacob bequeathed to his son Joseph twice as much as to his other children. This was not a testament in writing, but a verbal or nuncupative testament, declared by the testator "in extremis" before witnesses and depending upon oral testimony.

Such nuncupative testaments were at one time recognized in English law, but in the eighteenth century, Blackstone says, they had fallen into disuse and were hardly ever heard of.

Weighing Machines.
Weighing machines and scales of some kind were in use 1800 B. C., for it is said that Abraham at that time "weighed out" 400 shekels of silver, current money, with the merchant to Ephron, the Hittite, as payment for a piece of land, including the cave and all the standing timber "in the field and in the fence." This is said to be the earliest transfer of land of which any record survives and that the payment was made in the presence of witnesses. The original form of the weighing scale was probably a bar suspended from the middle, with a board or shell suspended from each end, one to contain the weight, the other to contain the matter to be weighed. The steel-yard was probably so called from the material of which it was made and from its former length. It is also known as the Roman balance and is of great antiquity.

Cunning Siberian Natives.
When compelled to travel all night, the Siberian natives always make a practice of stopping just before sunrise and allowing their dogs to go to sleep. They argue that if the dog goes to sleep while it is yet dark and wakes up in an hour and finds the sun shining he will suppose that he has had a full night's rest and will travel all day without thinking of being tired. One or even two hours' stop at any other time is perfectly useless, as the dogs will be uncontrollable from that time forward until they are permitted to take what they think a full allowance of sleep.

Pollworms in the Blood.
A writer in Knowledge thus denominates certain wandering cells found in the healthy human body which destroy harmful microbes introduced into the system. "The tonsils, for example, are crowded with these guardian cells." The scene under the microscope when protective cells are introduced into a lively culture of typhoid bacilli is described as very striking, irresistibly bringing before the imagination "the fierce struggle which goes on when disease germs invade the body."

Neither Better Than the Other.
"This dollar"—began the cashier of the restaurant as he scrutinized the coin.
"Is bad, eh?" interrupted the sour-looking patron.
"Well, it doesn't look very good."
"That so? Just bite it, and if it's anything like the dinner I had it'll taste even worse than it looks."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Dilemma.
Edith—Forgive me, Bertha, but your husband plays the flute atrociously.
Bertha—I know, dear, but what can I do? He used to serenade me with that flute. If I tell him now that he is no player, he will think my love is growing cold.—Boston Transcript

No Cause For Alarm.
Nervous Passenger (on New Haven steamer)—There's a very peculiar noise in the water tonight. Do you notice it, captain?
Captain—Yes, madam; that's the regular Long Island sound.—Harlem Life.

The man who hesitates may be lost, but the man who never hesitates is hard to find.—Chicago News.

A DOMESTIC COMEDY.

THE VARIED RESULTS OF REARRANGING THE FURNITURE.

Mrs. Blank's Mania For Changing the Appearance of the Rooms Brought Trouble to the Male Contingent and Sorrow to Herself.

"Do you change the position of the furniture when you clean a room?" inquired housewife No. 1 of a friend in the course of a heart to heart talk.
"Do I? Why, yes, indeed! I don't feel as if the room is cleaned unless I change the furniture a little bit. Do you?"

"Well, I usually change the ornaments around and so forth, but in the spring and fall I like to change everything in a room—completely alter the whole appearance of it. Then I fancy the things are all new, and they seem to look prettier somehow. But, do you know, my husband doesn't like it at all!"

"Neither does mine! Isn't that singular? Men are so peculiar!"

"Yes, indeed they are!"

So many housekeepers share the views of these two that a story with a moral will not be out of place.

It was the other night only that Mr. Blank went unsuspectingly up stairs to bed at an unusually early hour, leaving his wife reading in the sitting room. He had a headache and carried a goblet of water in his right hand. Fearlessly advancing into the dark bedroom Mr. Blank suddenly felt both legs violently cut from under him. He clutched wildly at the air and said several things of an exclamatory nature, but there was nothing to save him. He went down.

"Good gracious, Henry!" ejaculated Mrs. Blank, hurrying to the scene of disaster. "What is the matter? Where are you? Why don't you light the gas?" Suiting the action to the word, she beheld her husband sprawling across the bed; the glass he had carried had discharged its contents across the pillowshams and shivered on the floor.

Mr. Blank did the talking for the next ten minutes. He said that of all the blankety blank folly of which the mind could conceive this of changing furniture around was the worst. He said it was a pretty thing for a man to walk into his own room and have to fall over things in the dark. He said he wouldn't stand it; the furniture must be replaced where it formerly stood.

"I shan't do anything of the kind," replied Mrs. Blank. "It looks very much nicer where it is. Why don't you feel where you are going when you get into a dark room?"

"I suppose you'd like me to crawl in on all fours!" snarled Mr. Blank. "I couldn't feel where the bed was unless I happened to touch the footboard. I thought I could walk clear over to the bureau. I tell you it's a confounded crank you have on this subject. Some day you'll precipitate a serious accident."

"If any one precipitates, it'll be you, I should think," retorted Mrs. Blank icily. And the furniture remained where it was.

It was the next evening that Master Blank undertook to carry a pile of schoolbooks from the dining room to the sitting room. He had a bottle of ink in his hand, and he thought he knew exactly where the center table was. In the course of his peregrinations in search of it, however, he came into violent collision with the glass door of the bookcase, which he broke. There were also inky traces discernible on the carpet when Mrs. Blank came in. This time there was some harm for her feelings. She could spank Master Blank and did it with the best will in the world.

Her own downfall was not long in coming, however, although for a few days only minor inconveniences were met with, such as the abrasion of ankles against chair rockers and slight bruises received by means of sudden contact with unforeseen obstacles. Last evening Mrs. Blank undertook to transfer the cage of her pet parrot from the window where it spends the day to the snug corner where it passes the night. She did not trouble to light the gas, and by some unaccountable mental lapse she had forgotten the precise point at which a tabouret, on which stood a jardiniere, was stationed. She charged into the tabouret with considerable force, was overbalanced by the weight of the cage in her arms and took a header with a resounding crash. The parrot shrieked, and, unable to distinguish friend from foe, inflicted a severe bite on her mistress' finger. Mr. Blank came in hurriedly, picked up his wife and assisted in making an inventory of sundry contusions. Then they lifted the parrot cage, badly bent, and the jardiniere with a piece chipped out of it and the tabouret somewhat scratched, and then Mr. Blank observed quietly:

"I have just one thing to ask you, Mrs. Blank. Was I right?"
"No, you were not!" retorted Mrs. Blank savagely. "Serious accident? What's serious about this, I should like to know? For goodness' sake, Henry, don't stand there trying to look like a martyr! If you must have the furniture moved back, I'll move it!" And she did.—Philadelphia Record.

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